

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away.

*Ol.* Sir, I bad them take away you.

*Cl.* Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to say, as I weare not motley in my braine: good *Madona*, giue mee leaue to proue you a foole.

*Ol.* Can you do it?

*Cl.* Dexteriously, good *Madona*.

*Ol.* Make your prooffe.

*Cl.* I must catechize you for it. *Madona*, Good my Mouthe of vertue answer mee.

*Ol.* Well sir, for want of other idlenesse, Ile bide your prooffe.

*Cl.* Good *Madona*, why mournst thou?

*Ol.* Good foole, for my brothers death.

*Cl.* I thinke his foule is in hell, *Madona*.

*Ol.* I know his foule is in heauen, foole.

*Cl.* The more foole (*Madona*) to mourne for your Brothers foule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

*Ol.* What thinke you of this foole *Maluolio*, doth he not mend?

*Mal.* Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmitie that decays the wife, doth euer make the better foole.

*Cl.* God send you sir, a speedie Infirmitie, for the better increasng your folly: Sir *Toby* will be sworn that I am no Fox, but he wil not passe his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

*Ol.* How say you to that *Maluolio*?

*Mal.* I maruell your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a stone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: vnles you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I take these Wisemen, that crow so at these set kinde of fooles, no better then the fooles Zanyes.

*Ol.* O you are sicke of selfe-loue *Maluolio*, and taste with a disemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltlesse, and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though hee do nothing but reprove.

*Cl.* Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fooles.

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much desires to speake with you.

*Ol.* From the Count *Orsino*, is it?

*Ma.* I know not (*Madam*) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

*Ol.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Ma.* Sir *Toby* Madam, your kinsman.

*Ol.* Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you *Maluolio*; If it be as suit from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you will, to dismiss it. *Exit Maluolio.*

Now you see sir, how your fooling growes old, & people dislike it.

*Cl.* Thou hast spoke for vs (*Madona*) as if thy eldest sonne should be a foole: who se scull, loue crammes with braines, for heere he comes. *Enter Sir Toby.*

One of thy kin has a most weake *Pia-mater*.

*Ol.* By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate *Cosin*?

*To.* A Gentleman.

*Ol.* A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

*To.* 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o' these pickle herring: How now *Sot*.

*Cl.* Good Sir *Toby*.

*Ol.* *Cosin*, *Cosin*, how haue you come so early by this Lethargie?

*To.* Letcherie, I desie Letchery: there's one at the gate.

*Ol.* I marry, what is he?

*To.* Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not; giue me faith say I. Well, it's all one.

*Ol.* What's a drunken man like, foole?

*Cl.* Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man: One draught about heate, makes him a foole, the second maddes him, and a third drownes him.

*Ol.* Go thou and seeke the Cowner, and let him sitte o'my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: hee's drown'd: go looke after him.

*Cl.* He is but mad yet *Madona*, and the foole shall looke to the madman.

*Enter Maluolio.*

*Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow swears hee will speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he takes on him to vnderstand so much, and therefore comes to speake with you. I told him you were asleepe, he seems to haue a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be said to him *Ladie*, hee's fortified against any deniall.

*Ol.* Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

*Mal.* He's beene told so: and hee sayes hee'll stand at your doore like a Sherifes post, and be the supporter to a bench, but hee'll speake with you.

*Ol.* What kinde o'man is he?

*Mal.* Why of mankind.

*Ol.* What manner of man?

*Mal.* Of verie ill manner: hee'll speake with you, will you, or no.

*Ol.* Of what personage, and yeeres is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy: as a squash is before tis a pefcod, or a Coddling when tis almost an Apple: 'Tis with him in standing water, betwene boy and man. He is verie well-favour'd, and he speakes verie shrewdly: One would thinke his mothers milke were scarce out of him.

*Ol.* Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my Lady calles. *Exit.*

*Enter Maria.*

*Ol.* Giue me my vaile: come throw it ore my face, Wee'l once more heare *Orsino's* Embassie.

*Enter Violenta.*

*Vio.* The honorable *Ladie* of the house, which is she?

*Ol.* Speake to me, I shall answer for her: your will.

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite, and vnmatchable beautie. I pray you tell me if this bee the *Ladie* of the house, for I neuer saw her. I would bee loath to cast away my speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I haue taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee staينه no scorne; I am very comptible, euen to the least finisler vface.

*Ol.* Whence came you sir?

*Vio.* I can say little more then I haue studied, & that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee modest assurance, if you be the *Ladie* of the house, that

may proceede in my speech.

*Ol.* Are you a Comedian?

*Vio.* No my profound heart: and yet (by the verie phangs of malice, I sweare) I am not that I play. Are you the *Ladie* of the house?

*Ol.* If I do not vsurpe my selfe, I am.

*Vio.* Most certaine, if you are she, you do vsurp your selfe: for what is yours to bestowe, is, not yours to re-ferue. But this is from my Commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

*Ol.* Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

*Vio.* Alas, I tooke great paines to studie it, and 'tis Poeticall.

*Ol.* It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, & allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you haue reason, be breefe: 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

*Mal.* Will you hoyft sayle sir, here lies your way.

*Vio.* No good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete *Ladie*; tell me your minde, I am a messenger.

*Ol.* Sure you haue some hiddeous matter to deliuer, when the curtesie of it is so fearefull. Speake your office.

*Vio.* It alone concerns your care: I bring no ouerture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

*Ol.* Yet you began rudely. What are you?

What would you?

*Vio.* The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, haue I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your cares, Diuinity; to any others, prophanation.

*Ol.* Giue vs the place alone.

We will heare this diuinitie. Now sir, what is your text?

*Vio.* Most sweete *Ladie*.

*Ol.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee saide of it. Where lies your Text?

*Vio.* In *Orsino's* bosome.

*Ol.* In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome?

*Vio.* To answer by the method in the first of his hart.

*Ol.* O, I haue read it: it is heresie. Haue you no more to say?

*Vio.* Good *Madam*, let me see your face.

*Ol.* Haue you any Commission from your Lord, to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtain, and shew you the picture. Looke you sir, such a one I was this present: Ist not well done?

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Ol.* 'Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white, Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on: *Ladie*, you are the cruell'st shee aliue, If you will leade these graces to the graue, And leaue the world no copie.

*Ol.* O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will giue out diuers scedules of my beautie. It shall be Inuentoried and euery particle and vtensile labell'd to my will: As, Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

*Vio.* I see you what you are, you are too proud:

But if you were the diuell, you are faire:

My Lord, and master loues you: O such loue

Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd The non-pareil of beautie.

*Ol.* How does he loue me?

*Vio.* With adorations, fertill teares, With groanes that thunder loue, with sighes of fire.

*Ol.* Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him

Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble,

Of great estate, of fresh and stainelesse youth;

In voyces well diuulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,

And in dimension, and the shape of nature,

A gracious person; But yet I cannot loue him:

He might haue tooke his answer long ago.

*Vio.* If I did loue you in my masters flame,

With such a suffring, such a deadly life:

In your deniall, I would finde no sence,

I would not vnderstand it.

*Ol.* Why, what would you?

*Vio.* Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,

And call vpon my soule within the house,

Write loyall Cantons of contemned loue,

And sing them lowd euen in the dead of night:

Hallow your name to the reuerberate hills,

And make the babling Gossip of the aire;

Cry out *Olinia*: O you should not rest

Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,

But you should pittie me.

*Ol.* You might do much:

What is your Parentage?

*Vio.* About my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a Gentleman.

*Ol.* Get you to your Lord:

I cannot loue him: let him send no more,

Vnlesse (perchance) you come to me againe,

To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:

I thanke you for your paines: spend this for mee.

*Vio.* I am no feeble poast, *Ladie*; keepe your purse,

My Master, not my selfe, lackes recompence:

Loue make his heart of flint, that you shall loue,

And let your seruour like my masters be,

Plac'd in contempt: Farwell sayre crueltie. *Exit.*

*Ol.* What is your Parentage?

About my fortunes, yet my state is well;

I am a Gentleman. Ile be sworn thou art,

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit,

Do giue thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft,

Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now?

Euen so quickly may one catch the plague?

Me thinks I seele this youths perfections

With an inuisible, and subtle stealth:

To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

What hoa, *Maluolio*.

*Enter Maluolio.*

*Mal.* Heere *Madam*, at your seruice.

*Ol.* Run after that same pceuissh Messenger

The Countes man: he left this Ring behinde him

Would I, or not: tell him, Ile none of it.

Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,

Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him:

If that the youth will come this way to morrow,

Ile giue him reasons for't: hie thee *Maluolio*.

*Mal.* Madam, I will.

*Ol.* I do I know not what, and feare to finde

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde.

Fare